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death, and whose helpless figure is advancing through files of indifferent Prussians, among whom the French prisoners stand haughtily with streaming wounds, while the neighboring windows are occupied by German soldiers contentedly smoking and glancing with satisfaction on the spectacle.

Fine as the picture was, however, and certain of a medal if exhibited, De Neuville's "chef-d'œuvre" was not admitted to a place at the Universal Exposition. By a judicious and honorable resolution the organizers of the display decided to refuse all subjects calculated to wound the feelings of the German visitors who should examine the Fine Arts section. In due time after this rule was published the Germans concluded, so far as the artistic exhibit was concerned, to rescind their determination of not participating. The wonderful pictures of Gebhardt, and Liebel, and Knaus were accordingly made visible to the throngs at Paris, but, as a reciprocal compliment for French abstinence, the pictures representing the victories of 1871, such as those which glared so exultingly upon the neighboring French galleries at our Centennial Exposition, were one and all excluded.

De Neuville, though still youthful in appearance, is old enough to have received a Salon medal of the third class in 1859—presumably for designing, not for oil-painting. After he had begun to be known for his canvases illustrating the Franco-Prussian war, the merit of his workmanship, and the gratefulness of the peculiar salve he had invented for French honor, began to be acknowledged. He was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1873. He was born at St. Omer, Pas de Calais, and educated for his profession in the atelier of Picot. In 1877 he gained great fame at the Salon by his picture of "The Bridge over the railway at the Styring passenger-station, an episode of the battle of Forbach, August 6, 1870." This action represents the attack on a railroad depot, which the Germans had turned into a fortress. A few French chasseurs, who had defended the edifice, took refuge behind the standing trains of cars, where the Prussians opened a murderous fire upon them at fifty paces from the barricaded windows of the depot. The narrow bridge crossing the railway cut became the scene of a violent hand-to-hand combat, where the chasseurs of the Third Battalion held the position for awhile, until compelled by the arrival of new Prussian reinforcements to retreat.

We always pity an artist whose evil genius leads him to wreck himself on battle-pictures. The conditions of military illustrations make impossible all the qualities which are proper to high art, and preclude grace, beauty, balanced composition, and ideal calm. All that we can say is, that if this particular kind of machinery has to be manufactured, it is better that it should be manufactured well. De Neuville is a practised, an infinitely clever composer; but there is but little true music to be got out of war, and the "Battle of Prague," with its "cries of the wounded," is better as a curiosity than as a model for imitation. Still it is not surprising that in the dead level of modern civilization, in which the searcher for the picturesque finds all his dramas dressed in ugly and dreary garments, these illustrators of actual life should send out a detachment to take off the picturesque uniforms and equipments and harmonious evolutions of military life, just as they send off another detachment to capture the modish dresses and graces of "La Femme."

"La Femme" and "Le Soldat" have about equally occupied the other subject of our notice—Berne-Bellecour. He is best known in this country, perhaps, as a capital painter in water-colors; but some of his works in oil, notably his grand canvas which we engrave, have passed to us across the seas and justified his reputation. This artist was born at Boulogne, and like De Neuville entered the studio of Picot; he also received instruction from Félix Barrias. Distinguished up to the epoch of the war for a lively selection of anecdote-subjects, painted with plenty of dash, precision, and brio, the misfortunes of his country have developed a deep historical vein. We would select from among his prominent works in the old style his "Désarconné," or "Out of the Saddle," of the 1869 Salon, representing an over-ambitious huntsman limping into his doorway, assisted by a groom. At the same Salon he exposed a water-color, "The Lover." An oil-color work of the Salon of 1872 was "Un Coup de Canon," and this,

with the "Désarconné" and a representation of "Un Officier de Mobiles," was the amount of his contributions in oil-painting to the late Exposition. His lighter style was there seen in the water-colors "A Russian Coach-Driver," "A Japanese Lady," and "The Bouquet."

The resolution to exclude the pictures referring to the Prussian war was as great a misfortune to Berne-Bellecour as to De Neuville. The latter had on hand his "Bourget," the former was ready with "La Tranchée," or "The Ditch," from the 1877 Salon, with its death-scene of Lieut. Michel, Tirailleur de la Seine, at Boulogne-on-the-Seine, January, 1871; and likewise with "The Tirailleurs of the Seine at Malmaison, October 21, 1870." Great tumults arose in the world of artists over the exclusion of these subjects, which deprived an important class of French painters of fame and honors. A compromise was effected, and the great picture-merchant Goupil arranged the "Bourget," and the "Tranchée," and the "Tirailleurs" in an exhibition of thirty battle-pictures in his magazine of the Rue Chaptal. The little gallery was vastly popular, and of course not a German in Paris failed to see it; but this Teutonic fame scarcely recompensed either of our two artists for the fact that their masterpieces could get no medals.

The Salon picture of Berne-Bellecour for the year 1879 is now in America awaiting the selection of some collector of taste. It arrived at the gallery of Knoedler & Co. in the month of September. It is of unusual size for the artist, and painted with address, wit, accuracy, and decision. It is called "Sur le Terrain," or "On the Duelling-ground," and represents a garrison quarrel. How plainly we see that, for the young soldier who has stripped for the fight, it is a first affair of honor! Angry, sullen, in the pride of youth, with the muscles and bones of a young Hercules, it is a question whether he will be a match for the dry and wiry, and cool, and very experienced duellist who turns his sleeve up without the fuss of undressing, and exhibits his angular back to the spectator. The regimental physician turns away to examine his case of instruments, while the seconds in the affair, who have rushed out from the mess-table without their equipments in the hurry of the quick insult and quarrel, are putting on their sword-belts. The ancient château, used as the barracks, with its tower and extinguished roof, boils over with interested soldier-spectators from every window; one casement is barred, showing that the room is the caserne-prison, and out of this looks dully a stubble-bearded, nightcapped face of some comrade confined for breach of discipline. The fine training ever to be found in a French artist in matters of anatomy is exhibited with a little pardonable over-emphasis and pride by the painter in the solid, flexible body and arms of the combatant who has bared himself for the sword-practice.

FAMOUS OLD-TIME AMATEURS.

THE recent revival of engraving and etching, as congenial occupations for ladies of culture, is no new thing under the sun, as both these arts have been favorite pastimes of high-born amateurs as well as of professional artists, for centuries back. Isabella Cunio, of Ravenna, is said to have practised wood engraving with her brother Albéric in the thirteenth century, long before the master of 1423 put the earliest known date on a woodcut, the "St. Christopher" in Lord Spencer's collection. Diana Ghisi, of Mantua, took a prominent place among the copper-plate engravers of the sixteenth century. Elisabetta Sirani, of Bologna, and Gertrude Roghman, a Dutch lady, were famous etchers of the seventeenth century.

In the eighteenth century the Marquise de Pompadour set the fashion to ladies of practising the higher branches of pictorial art. She herself etched, under the guidance of C. Vanloo and Cochin, many plates after designs of Boucher, and a set of sixty-three etchings after cameos of Le Guay, which she distributed among her friends during her lifetime, and which were afterwards published in a volume to testify to her proficiency in the art.

Numerous French ladies followed her example as

amateur and professional artists, and the pursuit was even taken up by royalty. The Archduchesses Charlotte and Mary Anne of Austria, Princess Caroline of Würtemberg, and Princess Elizabeth of England, the daughter of George II., amused themselves with the etching needle, and their performances in black and white are still coveted by collectors for their portfolios. Angelica Kauffman and Mary Cosway spread the taste for engraving among English women, and, besides Caroline Watson, who is deservedly famous for her mezzotint engravings, we could quote many other names of talented lady etchers, like Sarah Green and Isabella Countess of Carlisle. Queen Victoria practised etching in earlier days, and her daughters, it is said, have all been instructed in the art.

Private Galleries.*

COLLECTION OF THE ESTATE OF ALEXANDER TURNEY STEWART.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

ANOTHER genre picture, by Zamacois, wafts us from the humors of the present to the humors of long ago. It is an antechamber of King Francis the First, with his menagerie of court dwarfs and buffoons, in full conclave assembled. How bad the air is in this crowd of captive monstrosities, how plain the close menagerie-smell, how mephitic the atmosphere of a despotism in its most tyrannical purlieus! The painter has comprehended what a telling blow at feudalism can be delivered by hitting at once at feudalism's meanest fashion, that of purchasing its merriment from imprisoned unfortunates. In the early part of his career the sardonic Zamacois dwelt much on this aspect of feudal systems—on the vagaries of Pedro the Cruel, and the miseries of Triboulet in "Le Roi s'amuse"—representing many a group of wretched, objectless hunchbacks in splendid liveries and gilded cages, preparatory to planting his downright anti-monarchical blow in "The Education of a Prince." The present scene is his most elaborate effort in this kind, and his sarcastic humor finds vent, too, in a notion that never occurred to a painter before, and would only occur to a Spaniard—he places his own portrait and the portraits of his friends on the shoulders of these unfortunates. When we see the symmetrical profiles, with grim mock-serious expressions, of his comrades Worms and Berne-Bellecour on the hunched backs of dwarfs, his own lean face in the ass-eared cap of a jester, and his pretty young brother's fresh cheeks and curls over the collar of a saucy page, we discern some meaning within the lines akin to the moody strictures of Goya—some half-uttered jibe to the effect that the art of the Second Empire was one of bondage and baseness, certain to take its place in the history of painting as a form of gilded degradation, and able to bear the slave's worst misfortune—that of smiling in slavery.

Shall we consider that the bondage in question is shown by such painters of the empire as Toulmouche, one of whose most elaborate efforts is shown in "The Serious Volume"? This insatiate elaboration of a poverty-stricken idea—this wealth of detail and research of microscopes applied to a painter's jest worthy at most of a sketch in Charivari—is it not a sign of slavery, of humiliation? The painter, in one of the most highly-finished boudoir scenes ever painted, simply asserts that it is the province of "The Serious Volume" to put modern folks to sleep. A large, handsome lady in a modish cap of lace, and another lady of slenderer proportions, have fallen upon each other's shoulders in uncontrollable slumber, while the good book that has been trying to entertain them effects a cataract down their laps unnoticed. The jest is not so bad, but is it observing the proportions of things to worry over the painting-niceties of Metz and Breughel, and Mieris and Terburg, and produce at last a masterpiece of artistic delicacy, merely to declare once more that sermons are soporifics? A picture with a piquant title is almost necessarily in a false position; we glance at it to see if the expressions are good, if the faces will yield us a moment's smile. If on top of that we find it making a claim to

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be examined for finish and profundity, for artistic seriousness and rich effect, we are bored and not attracted. The moment Toulmouche's canvas, having beguiled us by a jest, attempts to detain us by its exhibition of art-knowledge and depth, it inflicts, itself, the ennui of "The Serious Volume."

A society subject of immeasurably higher quality is the "Confidence," by the Belgian Alfred Stevens, which was etched by Monziès for the Gazette in February, 1878, as belonging to the "Collection Stewart." This artist is the interpreter of the nineteenth-century woman. He records her graces, her airs, her caprices, her temper, with the sympathetic and infallible acumen of Musset. The "Confidence" is extended by a beautiful lady to her friend, as both return at daybreak from a ball to the privacy of the nuptial chamber. On the lamp-stand, illuminated by the saffron rays that stream through the glass shade, lies a letter, the evidence of a temptation, or a treason, or a desertion. The woman whose pain is caused by the missive casts herself on a seat and buries her face in the knees of her friend, who stands sadly regarding the written record of folly or cruelty. Hand in hand, the heavy cashmere sliding from the polished shoulders that emerge from the ball dress, and the jewels rising and falling over two unquiet hearts, the friends clasp each other between the artificial light that reveals a perfidy and the gray dawn that crisps the window-curtain as it enters. "The warmth of these glowing hands which the lady holds in her own," says Lemonnier, describing the picture, "has softened her timid heart. The whole chamber is filled with a desolate sorrow. A lamp illuminates the two friends with a golden translucence which lends a gentle reflection to the velvet skin and moderates the glitter of the ornaments." Mr. Stewart was well inspired when he introduced this faultless bit of social drama to give a "cachet" to his collection; as long as it exists it will justify the refinement of our century in art, manners, and feeling. Of its painter the author just quoted remarks: "The man, in one word, is precisely such as his painting would make you suppose, and what renders the correspondence still more perfect is the frame in which he lives, that is to say the coquettish little house in the Rue des Martyrs at Paris, with its garden buried in foliage, its rooms smothered in draperies and hangings, its bustle of feminine feet on the stairways, its revelations in the way of feminine toilets. Potteries, and rare furniture, and cabinets crowded with objects from Japan and China—nothing is wanting to make it the type-mansion of a contemporary artist."

By Raymond Madrazo, perhaps the best painter of womankind to uphold beside the Belgian master, there is a subject interesting chiefly for its technique and embodying one of those odd studies of Spanish manners which could hardly be invented outside of the unconventional back-yards of the Peninsula. You feel, though, that this careless señorita, who has run up to converse with her monkey before she is dressed, whose linen is falling from her shoulders, and whose costume otherwise consists chiefly of an exaggerated girdle, will be a pattern of Spanish "morgue" and etiquette when the hour for full-dress arrives and the gentlemen begin to call. For the rest, it is a fine bit of chaste color-harmony.

By Gérôme, whose color and technical aim are so different from the pure petal-like surfaces of Madrazo and Stevens, there are three important examples. The "Pollice Verso" is one of his elaborate scenes of Roman life, corresponding with the "Death of Cæsar" and the "Ave Cæsar." Gérôme's intense dramatic instinct has made him seize upon the paradox of the Vestal Virgins, emblems of all purity, cruelly demanding in a body the death of the vanquished gladiator. The painter's authority for this bloody mood of the nuns of Vesta is nothing more than our knowledge of the fact that a row of seats was reserved for them at the theatres and circus, as representatives of Vesta, the great protectress of the city. From this certainty it was easy for the artist to imagine a moment when they would be carried away by the interest of the spectacle, and feel their grim Roman veins throbbing to the point of clamoring for blood. Accordingly we see the chaste creatures in a white-robed row in the foreground, excited to the ferocity of fishwives, their hot mouths open for cries of blood, while the immaculate veils still cover their heads in the garb of sacrifice. This is one of the

splendid antitheses which Gérôme so loves, and of which he has discovered in his time a greater number than any novelist, any dramatist, or any epic poet of the day. Bencath the Vestals, in the bloody sand, the stout "myrmillo" from Gaul, with the fish on his helmet, has overthrown the light-limbed net-thrower, the "retiarius." The vanquished youth extends his hand for pity. But Domitian on his throne (another of Gérôme's inimitable bits of drama) is crushing a fig in his mouth with consummate indifference, and the Vestals towards whom he turns are mad for his death. Poor youth! vile maidens! infernal Roman holiday! It will soon be time for the Goths to rise and glut their ire. A still more crowded scene is the "Roman Chariot-race," an imperfect, unlucky effort of Gérôme's, into which, however, are crowded enough of study and knowledge to make the fortune of a dozen ordinary pictures. This canvas, which was not finished till the year of Mr. Stewart's death, had been lingering on the easel for ten years previously. The writer saw it there in 1866, with the concentric oval terraces merely indicated in lines of chalk. "It will be possibly the hanging-gardens of Semiramis?" he asked the master. "No, it is intended for the Circus Maximus," corrected Gérôme with all courtesy. The composition, evidently finished with ennui for the American market, is the worst in color and quality of any Gérôme of its pretensions. The benches of scarlet-robed senators are particularly offensive in hue. Only a figure of a slave leaning against the wall, a driver breathing hard through the leather straps wound round his breast—only some accidental and episodic figure here and there gives us the refreshment of a good, photographic reality of the Gérôme kind. Yet the erudition in the picture is quite encyclopædic, from the reconstruction of the architecture to the "ordonnance" of the game, from the tribune of the emperor to the obelisk erected in the middle (presented by Augustus, and now in the Piazza del Popolo) and the egg-shaped goals, recalling the origin of Castor and Pollux, the guardians of all horse-tamers. Six or seven chariots are engaging in the race. "There were never more than four," says a critic recently quoted in Harper's Weekly, anent this picture. There are seven chariots engaged at once in the racing mosaic from Lyons (cited by Guhl and Kohner, "Life of the Greeks and Romans"). The painter, strange to say, has not adopted the opinion of the American critic, but has followed the information afforded by his native relic. Imperfect and "niggled" as seems this "Chariot Race" compared with other things in a great gallery, it would be an absorbing parlor picture, and its temperate and classic treatment lifts it high above Wagner's turgid, un-Roman, disproportioned, and technically worthless restoration of a similar scene. The other Gérôme in the Stewart collection is the "Collaboration," a delightful interior group, characterized by those attitudes of complete abandonment which Gérôme continually discovers, so very careless that they make you take notice of their carelessness: the actor bending a rod in his Greek theatre-scene, the augur twirling a crozier with his little finger extended, Molière resting two fingers on the king's table in the "Louis XIV. and Molière," and Molière shrugging his shoulders quite above his head as Corneille reads his manuscript of "Psyche" in this picture, are instances of our painter's perfection in the minor drama. To make the "Collaboration" complete, and properly emphasize the introduction of native opera in France, there might have been inserted two more figures, Lulli, who composed the music of "Psyche," and Quinault, who wrote the "intermèdes."

Other pictures in the Stewart gallery (monsters in size some of them, and the sarcophagi of great lumps of dead capital) the Cicerone will pass over with a light hand. By Boulanger, the friend and attentive follower of Gérôme, there is the "Appian Way in the Time of Augustus," with flower-girls, princesses in sedan-chairs, and naked African slaves in silver collars beating off the beggar-boys. Its merit is that it is a foil to Gérôme on his own ground, and makes the latter seem classical, serene, and perfect. The difference between a work of style and a work wanting in style is that between one of the balanced compositions of the Vesoul painter and such a pasticcio as this. By Edouard Dubufe fils there is the study (2 feet by 4) for the "Prodigal Son," which in some sort preserves this burned effort to the world

in form and color. We remember seeing the large original in a place of high honor in the Salon of 1867, but it was never admired by the judicious, though the artist has conquered a great reputation. The large canvas was also the property of Mr. Stewart, and was burned in the West a few years ago, after reimbursing the owner for the high price paid for it by the profits of its exhibition in the principal American cities. By Yvon, the principal illustrator of the Crimean war, there is his smaller color-study for the "Battle of Inkerman." It has the dark and disagreeable effect not unusual in these condensed sketches. The same artist's "March of the American Republic," a colossal canvas, is hoarded among the Stewart effects, but is not shown; its proper apotheosis would have been the chromo-lithograph, but the owner, discouraged by the storm of faint praise which it received, never translated it into that easy form of success. It represents the thirty-four States grouped around the symbolic figure of the Republic, which moves hand in hand with Wisdom. Immigrants press up in crowds; the torch of Rebellion is quenched by a river-god. The Indians and negroes emerge from darkness into the light of civilization, and heralds trumpet to the four winds a volume of flattery apparently distasteful to the severe and placid statue of Washington. This allegory, painted some ten years ago, would probably have been liked by the majority of Americans if they had not heard that the French made fun of it.

By Louis Gallait, the greatest survivor of the school of Delaroche, though a Belgian, there is the "Confession." At the feet of a fallow, intellectual young priest, the very type of a lady's ideal confidant, who is seen in profile, falls a "femme éplorée," in a heap of draperies, her silky blonde hair on her shoulders, her attitude crushed and desperate.

Edouard Detaille contributes to the Stewart collection "Le Repos pendant la Manœuvre, en Camp à Saint-Maur," executed in 1869, and the real beginning of his fame. It has been highly praised by Théophile Gautier, in the *Journal Officiel*, by Edmond About, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and by Paul Mantz in the *Gazette*. The figures, a little too regularly studded about, like Hans Andersen's "hardy wooden soldiers," stand up in their chess-board uniformity with all the necessary individuality, when you choose to look at them, and with wondrous little-thinking faces beneath their bearskin caps. An early work of De Nittis, since become so celebrated for his sketches of London character, shows the "Promenade du Bois de Boulogne," with carriages and walkers going out through the avenue of the Champs Elysées at the blessed afternoon hour of liberty which releases the dandy and the lorette towards the freedom of the daily drive. By Troyon there are two cattle-pictures, not very large or important. By Bouguereau there are three examples of his best style; first, the large and showy picture alluded to in the beginning of these articles, a late order (1868), representing peasant children grouped around a donkey; second, "Blind Homer," led as a beggar by a fine dark youth of twenty, with a series of dimmer figures in the upper part of the composition; and "Le Nouveau-né," a refined and very faultless subject of a shepherdess tenderly carrying a new-born lamb. The late Daubigny is represented by his large, exquisite, most poetical "Mois de Mai."

American art was copiously, liberally, and on the whole intelligently fostered by Mr. Stewart. Huntington's large scene of "The American Court" would perhaps be the favorite of the greatest number of spectators. It represents General and Mrs. Washington presiding at a reception, and introduces sixty figures of revolutionary heroes and beauties of the time. By Church there is the great view of Niagara from the American side, some eight feet high by five in width; it is painted with a dash and freedom rare for Church. By Bierstadt there is a study of "Seal Rock," just outside the city of San Francisco, showing the natural arch in the cliff, like that at Capri or that at Etretat, and a gigantic breaker blown to powder as it lifts. James H. Beard shows portraits of two parlor dogs in a group.

The statuary includes several subjects which have made an immense stir in their time, and whose resting-place is known, perhaps, to few. Powers' "Greek Slave," one of six "repliche" made by the artist, and in this example an order from Mr. Stewart, occupies

a place of honor it represents a modern Greek girl captured by the Turks and exposed in a slave market at Damascus or Constantinople, nude, insulted, and haughty with the superiority of Christianity. Miss Hosmer's "Zenobia," walking through the streets of Rome in the triumph of Aurelianus, and crushed beneath her weight of Eastern jewels, is another celebrated work, seen in the hall. Powers' two statues of "Eve," one before and one after the fall; and Randolph Rogers' "Nydia," or the blind girl feeling her way through Pompeii during the eruption, are popular and highly-appreciated works of sculpture in the gallery. Of foreign sculpture may be mentioned two very decorative and elegant busts of maidens in white marble, heightened with gilding for the jewels and ornaments, by Aizelin.

The Stewart Gallery is not exactly the shrine of a poet-painter. You do not go thither to see examples of Delacroix, Decamps, Millet, Corot, Rousseau; it is evident that the collector knew what he liked, and did not mean to be mystified. On the whole, believing it to be fully a representation of the owner's choice and taste, we uphold it as a noble example of the æsthetic discernment of a merchant-prince. CICERONE.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS—A REMARKABLE EXHIBITION—CURIOUS REVELATIONS OF A GREAT AUTHOR'S CHARACTER.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

At last we have a real lion in Boston—nothing less than the great John Ruskin's drawings, the same drawings of which an exhibition was made in London last year. You may see the veritable animal—teeth, claws and all—for the moderate charge of fifty cents and twenty-five cents for the catalogue, which is the greatest curiosity in the show. A Harvard professor officiates as showman, and explains, and the exhibition is patronized by all the art nobility and gentry of the shire. It came to pass in this way: Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, who fills the chair of art, and has long been a trusty friend and correspondent of Mr. Ruskin, wrote to him that his London exhibition of 1878 ought to be repeated in America for the edification of the faithful "in partibus." Our professor, who is a learned and amiable Dryasdust in Turner and the Old Masters, represented to the Oxford professor—as is learned from the catalogue—that an exhibition of his drawings would make good to Americans in large degree the lack of opportunity to study the works of art in European museums (!); and would, moreover, save Mr. Ruskin's standing among students of his works here from the injurious effect of "the pirated edition of Mr. Ruskin's books, with its disgraceful travesties of the noble and exquisite illustrations with which the author's editions of his own works are adorned." Mr. Ruskin appears to have acceded with great cordiality. Twenty-five of the sixty pieces in last year's exhibition are here, and with them have been sent others, including some executed this year, so that with those already in Prof. Norton's possession a collection of over one hundred drawings is made up—an exhibition not only numerically half as large again as that in London in 1878, but also much fuller and more complete in its illustration of Ruskin's work for fifty years.

Yes, it is actually here. It seems really quite too wonderful to be true, and we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves and try to realize it. But we rub our eyes and pinch ourselves more when we get inside the show and try to realize what there is so great about Ruskin's drawings and what their boon to art consists in. It is but fair to premise that Mr. Ruskin in the preface to his notes on his drawings—which are reprinted in the catalogue here—acknowledges that he has "amused and humiliated myself by arranging a little autobiography of drawings from childhood until now, out of which it appears to me some useful points might be made evident respecting the service of particular methods or the danger of particular errors." It is also required in fairness to state that Prof. Norton in his introductory remarks admits that "these drawings are not the work of an artist by profession; there is not a picture among them." They are merely to illustrate patience, industry, and

single-minded devotion, training "an eye of exceptional keenness and penetration and a hand of equally exceptional delicacy and firmness of touch, to be the responsive instruments of faculties of observation and perception such as have seldom been bestowed on artist or on poet." Exact knowledge of the facts of nature, data for principles in art, memoranda of work of periods in which "art gave better expression to the higher interests and motives of life than at the present day," were among the objects aimed at by Ruskin in these sketches, rather than picture-making.

The first impression on entering the small gallery where they are exposed is that you have fallen into an architect's office with pen and ink drawings of front and side elevations pinned to the wall. The next is that it is a grammar-school exhibition of drawing. For the first number on the catalogue is a Map of France precisely such as we executed in boyhood's happy hours, and the next number is an equally remarkable Map of Africa. The note to these achievements explains: "I began to learn drawing by carefully copying the maps in a small quarto atlas, of excellent old-fashioned type, the mountains well marked (but not blackened all over, like those in the modern Geological Survey), the names clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." They are examples of many, the artist tells us, done by the time he was eight years old; the coloring round the edges was the reward for all the tediousness of the printed names—towns and villages as well as departments are all "printed" in—"the printing an excellent discipline of hand and eye, and the mountains and sea a most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." This childish note of these infantile exploits I have quoted so much of because it aptly illustrates Ruskin's pedagogic temperament and attitude towards art—the dry, laborious, conscious, and conscientious self-discipline—the always didactic spirit of the man. Nothing could be further from "art for art's sake" than this stopping publicly to approve maps in which the names are "clear, not crowded—above all, not run across each other, nor to be gleaned, a letter at a time, where one can pick them up." Fancy the artistic nourishment in printing hundreds of town-names in small type-letter and in tracing the lines drawn for mountains and sea in "most wholesome imitation of steady engraver's work." Not to be put down in his ideas of the importance of map-drawing, Mr. Ruskin goes on to elaborate his directions for laying out the proportions of a map by degrees: "And the degree is to be divided always into sixty (so-called) miles, of which great measure of longitude and latitude I hope my young students will form a more practical estimate by often walking it." One catches a glimpse herein of possible use and beauty in the "go-as-you-please" infatuation. After these geography lessons follow a number of equally puerile sketches of architecture—as the candid critic says himself of one—"always supremely stupid, but no shirking of work till I get near the bottom." In a long autobiographical note, which bursts upon the catalogue at this point, Mr. Ruskin laments (after noting that in certain copies the gray wash was introduced where the pencil shade was impossible, "but not carelessly or licentiously") that he "got overpraised for mechanical industry," and that had he "been permitted at this time to put [his] whole strength into drawing and geology," his life "would have been an entirely harmonious and serviceable one." But he was, he says, "too foolish and sapless to persist in a healthy bent," and his friends mistook him for a genius and wanted to make him a poet, or bishop, or member of Parliament. It is a sad enough story of misdirected and mixed-up effort, but it does not solve the mystery why these drawings are exhibited, unless it be as warnings of things to be shunned.

Leaving these pale and juiceless flowers of his youth, uninspired except by the spirit of self-immolation to the Moloch of "Culture," which act of virtue is almost indistinguishable oftentimes from the sin of selfish vanity, we turn to his sketches in Switzerland and Venice, and here one is rewarded with two or three pieces of work showing something besides grinding labor, some joyousness in the perception and reproduction of beauty. The Falls of Schaffhausen show the use of the faculty, laborious delineation of form to some artistic purpose; the plunging

and white explosions of the tumbling masses are full of life, force, and truth, and the color is sweet and convincingly probable in its gradations from white into light blue. The note to this piece of work, which was not in the London exhibition, is an extract from a recent letter, saying: "That drawing of the Falls of Schaffhausen is the only one of mine I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room. How destiny does mock us! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!" But in the midst of these mostly freer Swiss sketches is a snuff-colored, mechanical, lateral drawing of a farmer's house and barn-yard, which might be paralleled by the coarse print on the cover of a child's box of wooden toys, to comment on which Ruskin appends *four full pages* of moralizing reprint, in French, on the sweetness and honorableness of the Swiss farmer's life, showing singularly well how inextricably he has mixed up art and ethics.

Again there are some richly-shaded and superbly-finished drawings in sepia of the architecture of Venice; the chiaroscuro and atmosphere are deeply satisfying. One sketch in color of a porch of St. Mark's is beautiful in opalescent, almost changing, hues, so faithfully and delicately have the relations of color and tone on the pillars been preserved. The varying masses of shadow in the figured compartments of some old door-heads in Venice have also been delineated with true feeling. But the notes show how curiously the artist's mind was preoccupied all the time with the historical or sociological significance of the structures. It was the litterateur and social philosopher quite as much as the skilful draughtsman that was at work.

The similar combination of artist and materialist appears in the latest pieces of work, and some four or five are dated 1879. These are studies of a wild violet, of a feather, and of dry oak leaves. There is "a stone of my garden wall," and another larger stone which has not even that interest, being simply an infinitely patient delineation of every crack and scratch and plane and hollow on one side of a small boulder, simply Chinese in patient labor. Still we ought to be, and are, thankful for so full and unsparing a self-revealing of one of the most remarkable characters of our day as this exhibition grants. GRETA.

THE BOSTON ART CLUB—ENCOURAGING PROSPECTS.

BOSTON, October, 1879.

UPON the first Saturday evening in November the Boston Art Club will meet for the first of the monthly suppers of the winter and to transact such business as may have collected during the summer demanding immediate attention. Among the painful memories that must arise will be the sense of the great loss sustained in the deaths of Dr. Rimmer and Mr. Hunt, upon which appropriate action will be taken. But the Art Club certainly never began a year with greater promise of success than at present. It has forcibly felt the fluctuations and vicissitudes of time in years past, but seems at last to be established upon a firm foundation.

Far back in the earliest days of native art in America the bright lights of the nation centred in Boston; but by degrees the centre of the nation's art was removed to New York. Again, in the courage that was so generally instilled into the veins of art about the year 1850, the profession was so ably supported in Boston that a movement was begun for the mutual protection and advancement of artists. This association was formed in 1854, and became distinctively an art, and not simply an artists', club; some of its strongest supporters then and ever since having been men of other professions, only connected with art by a thorough and earnest love of refinement and the beautiful. In January, 1855, the club was legally organized by twenty members, many of whom are still its strong supporters. Among them were Benjamin Champney, the well-known figure-painter; Walter M. Brackett, the celebrated fish-painter; his brother, E. A. Brackett, the sculptor; William Lee, of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard; Gilbert Attwood, at present the valued vice-president of the club; Charles A. Barry, the head master of the Rhode Island School of Design, and others.